

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Peripetie, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio: O my deere Antonio,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Antonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Ol. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes,
And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

Ol. My father had a moale vpon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.

Ol. And did that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Ol. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am Viola, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was prefer'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

Ol. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

Ol. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Adon
Is now in durance, at Maluolio's suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him: fetch Maluolio hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he si. rah?

Ol. Truly Madam, he holds Belzebub at the stauces end as
well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much
when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
deliueres the Madman. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
Vox.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue
care.

Ol. Read it you, si. rah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Coniure rule ouer me,
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induc'd mee to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
and speake out of my iniury. The madly vs'd Maluolio.

Ol. Did he write this?

Cl. I Madame.

Du. This sauiours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd Fabian, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistresse.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now Maluolio?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I Maluolio? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:

And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Maluolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Character:

But out of question, tis Marias hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heere me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this deuce against Maluolio heere,
Vpon some stubborn and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at sir Tobys great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a portfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Cl. Why some are borne great, some atchieue great-
nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir Topas sir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:

He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario come
(For so you shall be while you are a man):
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistresse, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne sings.

When that I was and a little time boy,
With hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans estate,
With hey ho, &c.
Gainst Knanes and Theenes men shut their gate,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wine,
With hey ho, &c.
By swaggering could I neuer trine,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
With hey ho, &c.
With rustettes still had drunken beads,
For the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
Hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l strine to please you euery day.

FINIS.

